

"EMPERESS OF IRELAND"



12345

FOREWORD.

THE following sketchy Diary is not intended to be anything more than what it is: just a note of certain of the day's doings and experiences, and a few personal deductions drawn therefrom, during and after a short climbing trip to the Canadian Rocky Mountains. The Canadian Pacific Railway System offers such unique facilities for such trips that it will indeed be a wonder if the future does not witness many more Britishers taking advantage of through booking from Liverpool to Vancouver and back; in order to see the glories of Canada; the large Lakes, vast Prairies, immense tracks of wooded land—some of it now cleared, the larger part not yet touched—rivers, such as the Thomson and Fraser, where you see the Indians spear salmon in the narrows and landing them with netted spoon; all this can be seen from the observation cars, add to this numberless snowpeaks and a delightful climate and you have the basis of pleasures innumerable.

For my inclusion in the party to which reference is made I am indebted to my friend, Mr. G. A. Solly, with whom I have had so many climbs on Skye and on the Bens of Scotland, and now to record having been 'on the rope' with him in the Rockies is to add yet another bond to a friendship begotten of a mutual pleasure.

OSCAR ROHDE.

BIRKENHEAD. *November, 1909.*

Sailed per S.S. "Empress of Ireland" for Quebec, July 16th, 1909.

PARTY consisted of Professor Dixon, Mrs. and Miss P. E. Dixon, Manchester; Mr. E. Whympers; London; Dr. and Mrs. Benson, Dublin; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Solly, Birkenhead; Miss K. J. Maclay, Glasgow; Mr. G. Hastings, Bradford; Mrs. Spence, Cheadle; Mr. A. L. Mumm, London; and guide Inderbinnen, Zermatt; Mr. L. S. Amery, London; Mr. E. Pilkington, Manchester; and the writer.

At the invitation of the Alpine Club of Canada the above party sailed from Liverpool on July 16th, of this year, for a week's mountaineering in the Rockies. There is no lack of comfort on board the 'Empress' boats; almost everything that can be done to break the monotony of a sea voyage seems to have place—though the luxury of Horse and Camel exercise, such as is to be found on some of the Hamburg-American boats, is missing.

As to the Table—the temptations to be found there offer a fine opportunity for the exercise of self-denial, more especially in view of what has to be accomplished by those who wish to climb the heights; when 'condition' makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort. To partake of three 'square' meals a day, and the same are certainly very 'square' on board these steamers, is a poor sort of training for anybody, but after all one need but just give one of them the 'go by.' It must, however, be related of Inderbinnen that he became bilious through



APPROACHING QUEBEC.



sheer self-sacrifice—not being able to endure the thought of his master paying for food not consumed, he felt it a duty to eat of everything put before him, with disastrous results.

A slight feeling of uneasiness pervaded some of our members when we got fairly out to sea, and it became evident that even bold and brave mountaineers were not immune from sea-sickness, and the hard fact had to be realised that membership of the most noted mountaineering club in the World was no insurance against such distressing weakness. Fortunately, confidence in this respect was soon restored when it became known that there was a power on board greater even than Father Neptune himself.

The power referred to was to be found in the person of a gentleman of some seventy odd summers who paced the promenade deck in lonely seclusion and unseen, except by the most vigilant and imaginative, motioned with hand slightly extended, to the great Sea Father, whenever it seemed that the ship's motion would become uncomfortable, to keep quiet.

The person in whom this power seemed to be embodied was no other than Mr. Whympers, who, although one of the party, it would be more accurate to describe as of, but not with, us. This striking exhibition of power over the elements was probably the cause of the large demand that sprung up, especially among the lady passengers, for Mr. Whympers's autograph, and the dinner table appeared to be the favorite place for complying with this demand.

In conversing with Mr. Whympers I referred to his lecture in Birkenhead when he slipped and broke his collar bone, appearing on the platform with arm in a sling. Referring to lime light operators he said, "Whenever they are cock-sure I always expect a hitch." Later we got on to Tyndall and Huxley, and he said they were the best lecturers he had ever heard; "they knew what they were talking about." "Tyndall," he said, "was bad tempered until

the later years of his life, when he softened considerably and afterwards became quite amiable"—this from Mr. Whympers!

Second day out we got into a great belt of fog, and steamed almost three days and nights before the weird sound of our siren—to which, fortunately we got no answer—ceased.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the aromatic scent of the pine woods of Quebec came wafted across our decks and soon Rimouski was reached; here mails were landed but our party got tired of counting the bags after 2,000 had been transferred. Cheap postage enables the Mother Country to supply her sons out west with huge quantities of papers, magazines, etc.

July 23, we arrived at Quebec. A wonderful combination of old and new; many streets have apparently never been "made," you could grow cabbages in them. We stayed one night at the C. P. R. Chateau Frontenac, a large hotel beautifully situated overlooking the river and Lawrentian hills.

Whilst here it is desirable, if you are going West, to find out what amount of baggage you can take with you into the "sleeper," and if you ask the porter in the hotel he will reply "about three grips." This delightfully vague phrase leaves much to the imagination of those unacquainted with the ways and customs of Canadian and American Railway Companies.

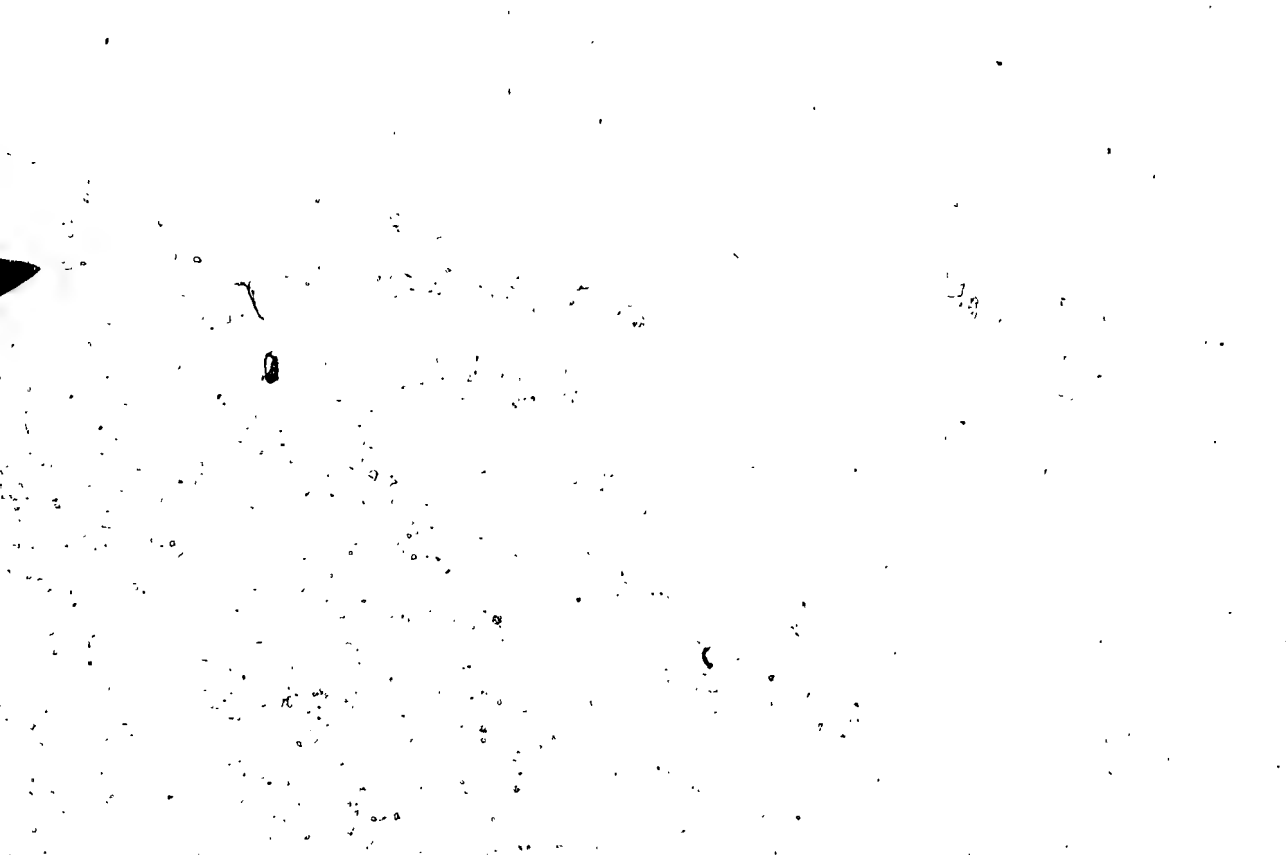
July 25, we reached Montreal, where is superb view from Mount Royal. The same street conditions are noticable; here likewise cabbages could successfully be grown.

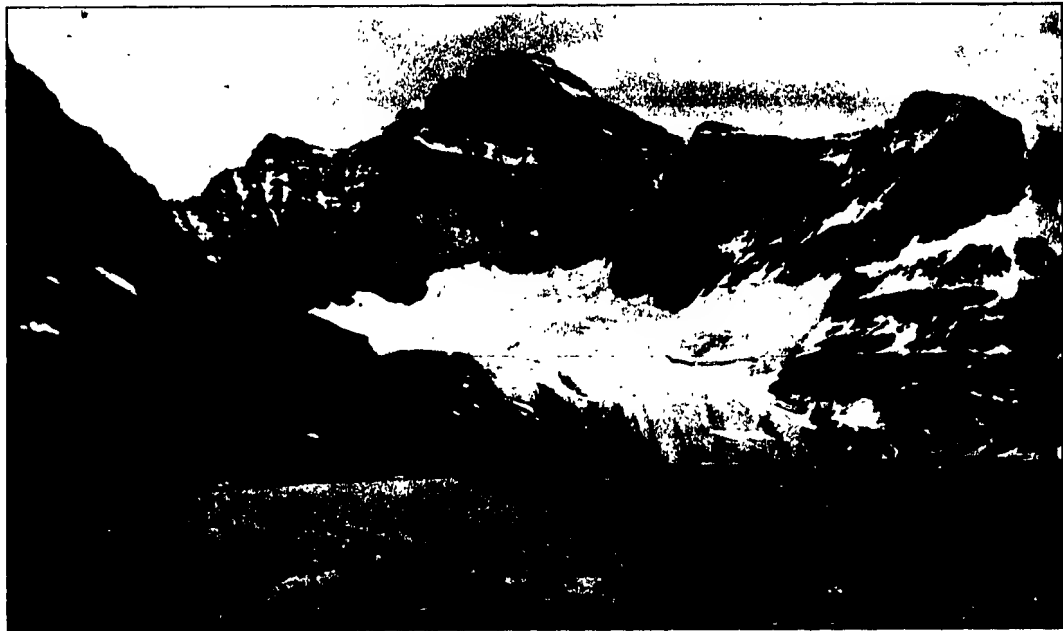
July 26, Sunday—I attended a Christian Science Service and heard the gospel according to Mrs. Eddy, propounded by a Mrs. Pearson; a dull, cold and uninspiring affair. Granted that matter is only a manifestation of Spirit, it occupies the position of junior partner, and cannot be ruled out of existence here, as the Christian Science people try to do.



OUR CAMP AT O'HARA.







LAKE MCARTHUR AND MOUNT BIDDLE.



The following day we left Montreal for Banff, the gate to the Rockies. Sitting in the large observation car at the tail end of the train, one feels that pleasant sensation of travelling at good speed through calm water—the swish of water having its parallel in a swish of air past the car.

The note on the railway is still to the West, all ask how far West you are going. East of Winnipeg does not seem to offer so much hope, but West to the Pacific will take all comers.

We travelled for three days and four nights in a train of over 200 yards in length, not including baggage cars and engine. Telegraphic world news was received daily and posted up in the smoking car.

July 27, we skirted what has hitherto been considered the largest Lake in the world, but which, if all accounts are true in this respect, will henceforth have to give place to Victoria Nyanza Lake.

In Saskatchewan we got into the wheat belt, and here as far as the eye can see from the the train not a wall or hedge can be seen, all flat open country. Between Pense and Lumsden a large block of wheat will cover 3,000 acres, expected to produce 40 bushels per acre' no manure is here used, one fourth lies fallow every year.*

Americans control a large quantity of Canada's lumber and wheat industries; they appreciate the administration of Canadian laws—so very different from the state of affairs existing in their own country—consequently large numbers of settlers are annually crossing from American to Canadian territory.

* Average wheat yield of the U.S. for the last 10 years is 13.78 bushels per acre; England 31.13; France over 20; Germany 28.30. —*American Review of Reviews*.

We crossed the Prairie in a perfect day; much of it was carpeted with the dwarf sun-flower and sage-bush; the former as plentiful as daisies with us. Sky effects with the setting sun are very brilliant. About the only wild animals to be seen from the railway carriage were prairie wolves, or coyotes.

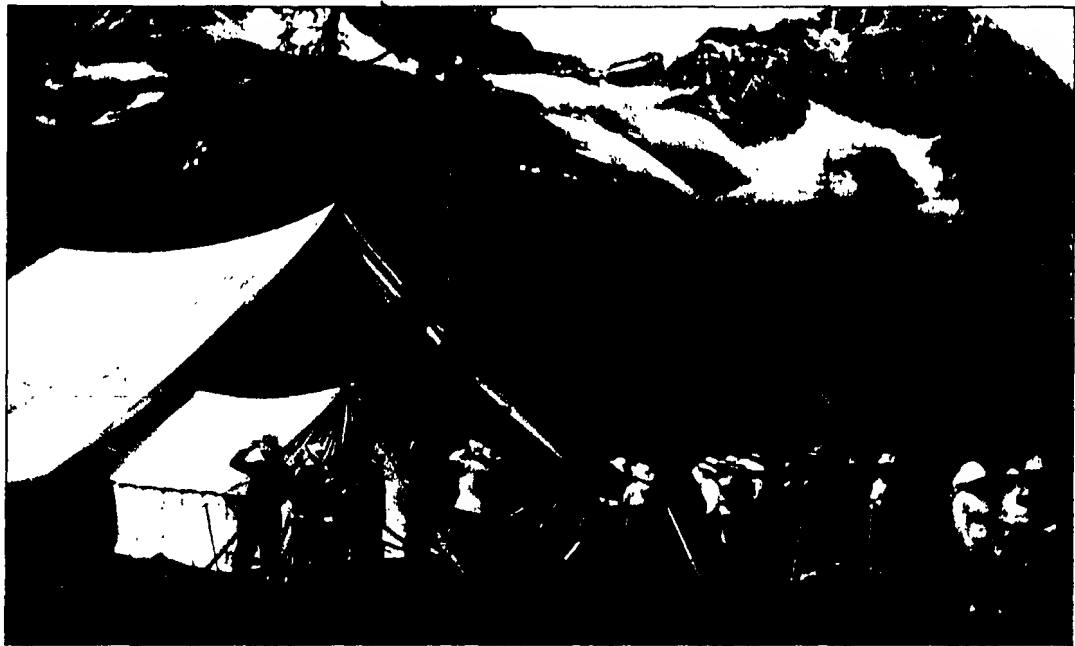
On the Prairie are reservations for Indians, who receive money grants annually from the Canadian Government provided they remain on the reservations. I was informed that when the Federal Government made the treaty referred to, an old Indian Chief asked how long the treaty would remain in force and there being no word in the language of the Indians corresponding to our "forever," he was told "As long as the Bow River flows."* This nature-touch quite satisfied the Chief.

July 29—Arrived at Banff, 4,000 ft.: and were received by the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the A.C.C. and taken to their club house and accommodated in huts in the wood, previous to camping out at O'Hara.

The meeting commenced in great spirit, and as climbing was not to begin until we reached O'Hara, our party was driven around the town in buggies during the day, and at night dancing and song were indulged in, in the large room of the new club house. Another entertainment was a swim in the sulphur plunge bath at a temperature of 120 degrees fht.

Canadian ladies look remarkably well on horseback; dressed in brown skirt, white blouse, brown thin felt hat shaped similar to those worn by the Canadian Mounted Rifles; they ride astride and can be seen galloping along the sandy roads of Banff.

* The Bow River flows through Banff.



ALL EYES ON AN AVALANCHE.







NOT CLIMBING TO-DAY.

The American flag seen above was hoisted in honour of citizens of the U.S.A. in Camp at that time.





A novel feature presented itself for new comers in the presence of numerous mosquitos, and in the tent the writer shared with Mr. Solly a nightly battle took place, in which we bashed numbers of flies, until the tent was stained with our own lost blood. Not until then was our night's comfort assured.

After two days at Banff a move was made to Hector by train, thence four hours walk to O'Hara, 6,700 feet. Here a large camp, to accommodate over 150 ladies and gentlemen, was already pitched on ground covering about 300 square yards, surrounded by Firs enclosing a lake, and backed by mountains running up to about 11,000 feet, the whole forming an amphitheatre. We lived in tents 'brushed' with fir branches. This makes a very springy floor and gives forth a most pleasing aroma.

Climbing parties were arranged by the President and led by the Swiss and Austrian guides Edward and Godfried Feuz and Konrad Kain.

The A.C.C., in the opinion of many, has acted very wisely in the matter of admitting ladies to membership, and the manner in which this is appreciated is shewn by the number who took part in the climbs and excursions. A list posted up daily giving the names of those who had qualified for active membership being eagerly scanned.

Mount Huber, 11,000 feet, was the test climb, and a very suitable one for the purpose we found it—testing qualities of endurance, and providing some rock and snow work, with finally an ice slope to be surmounted. Most of the ladies who took part in the climbs were found to possess striking mountaineering qualities, and it was a real pleasure to see them partake, equally with men, of the joys of mountaineering. Not less striking were the ladies

costumes seen in camp—for climbing purposes bloomers carried the day, whilst the colors of many of the jerseys would have rivalled Joseph's coat.

In addition to taking part in the organised club climbs the writer made an ascent of Mount Oderay, 10,700 feet, led by Mr. Solly, and accompanied by Mr. Alfred Hargreaves, also of Birkenhead. This mountain, in addition to good snow and ice work, provides two good pitches, and may fairly be described as a first class climb. A feature of the Rockies seems to be the extraordinary quantity of rotten rock that one meets with (necessitating the greatest caution), indeed that may be said to be the great danger. Inderbinnen confirmed this after the first climb he had done.

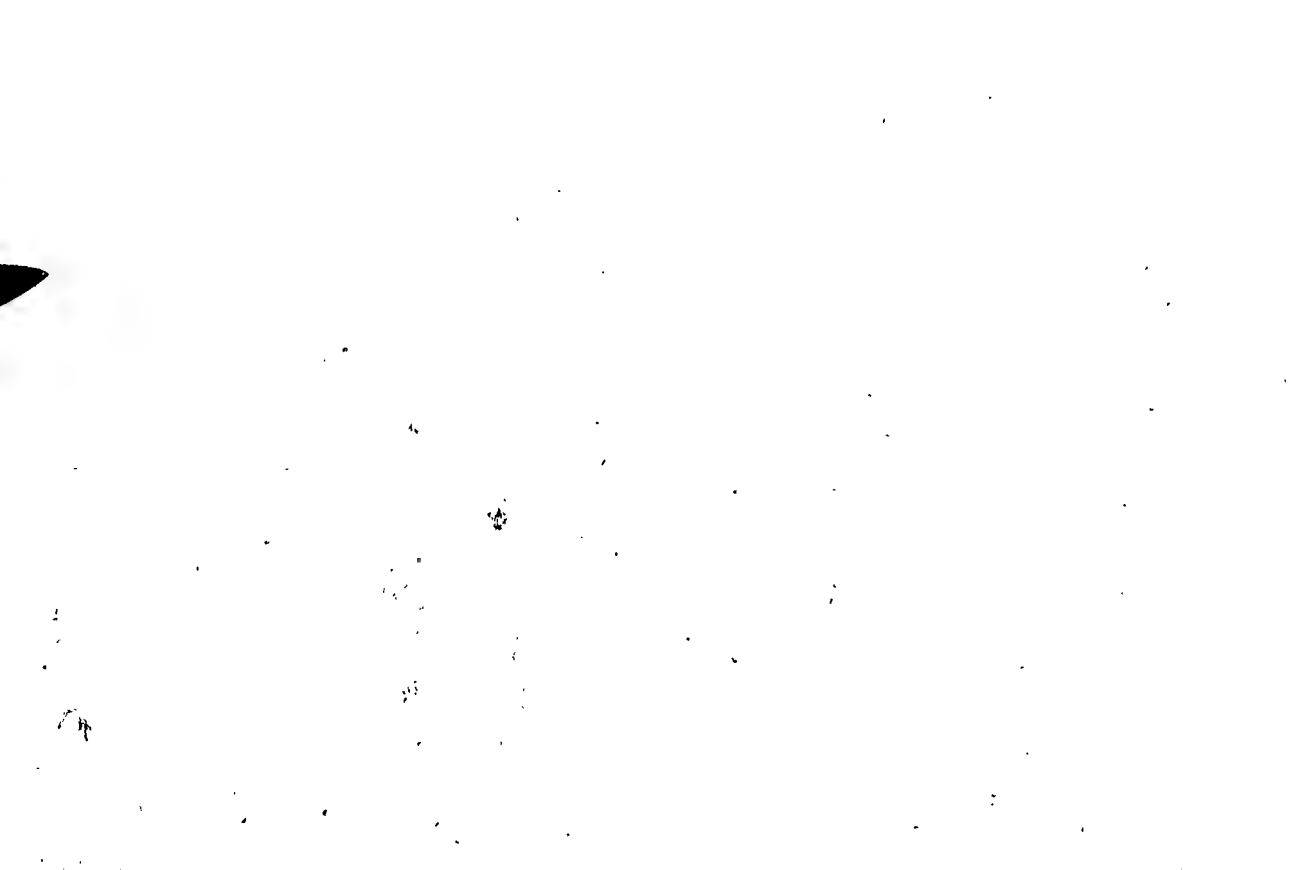
As to what can be seen from some of the most favorable view peaks, one is reminded of the astronomers who tell us that if by chance we could reach the furthest star that can be seen by the strongest telescope in existence, we should have a further endless vista of stars; so in the Rockies there would appear to be no end to the number of peaks one can see from Mount Oderay, including Mounts Mummery and Pilkington.

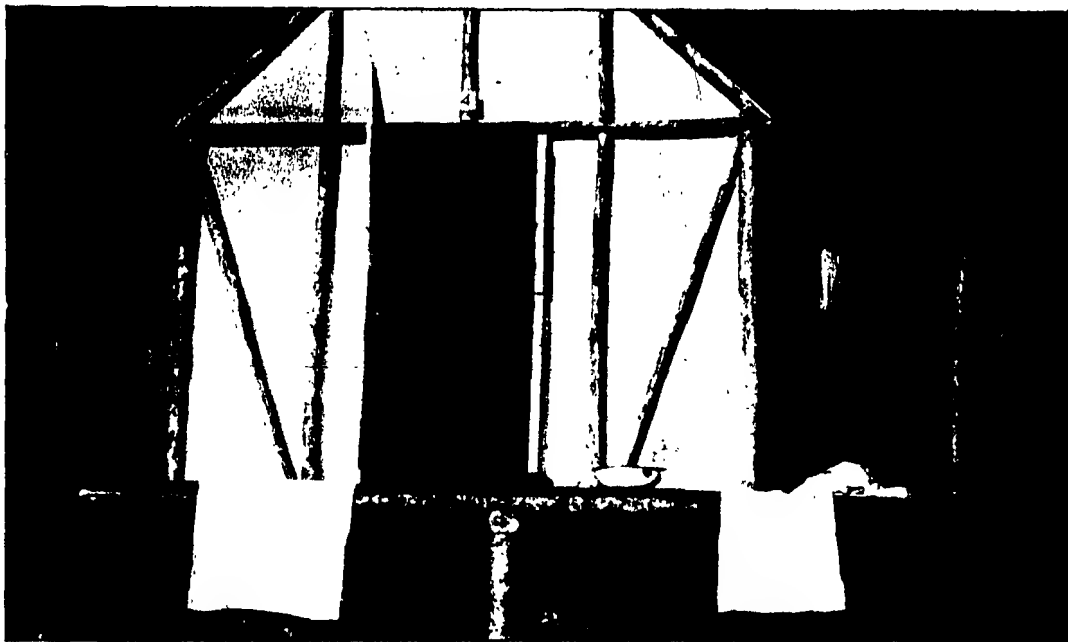
Evenings around a large log fire were quite a feature of our camp life. Songs and stories followed one another in rapid succession; amongst the latter Mr. Amery's lion stories, both true and otherwise, came easily first. Professor Dixon told us of his earliest climbs in the Rockies. Mr. Mumm, Mr. Solly and Mr. Hastings told of their respective climbs in the Himalayas and Caucasus, Dr. Anderson talked to us about volcanoes, Mr. Vaux, representing the Alpine Club of America, about glaciers, and Mr. Whympers gave us a short address.

As if to celebrate this occasion Mr. Wheeler's son, Oliver, and Mr. V. A. Fynn, succeeded in climbing Hungabee, about 11,500 feet, and gave us an account of this difficult



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE—MR WHEELER TALKS TO US.





WHERE THE MOSQUITOS WERE.





climb—thus did the Old Country's pioneer and the New Country's young blood come face to face on the camp ground of O'Hara. Strange it seemed to find how few of the younger Canadians knew anything about Mr. Whympers.

Before turning in for the night, or whenever it was thought necessary to justify our existence, the refrain, "We're here because we're here," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," was called for—the logic of which never failed to satisfy all requirements, the hills resounding with applause.

The great surprise and *bon bouche* of our out, and one not to be lightly declined, came in a further invitation from the A.C.C. to be their guests on a week's tour through the Yoho Valley, camping at various points *en route* and personally conducted by Mr. Wheeler, himself a climber and explorer of note, and his lieutenants—baggage, as little as possible, by pack ponies where possible. This further act of kindness, although felt to be almost embarrassing, was eagerly accepted by many of us, and a party of thirty started on August 9th and encamped the same night in the forest near Sherbrooke Lake. Continuing our tour we pitched our camp on the following day on a plateau facing Vice-President Mountain. We then crossed the Yoho glacier, on which Mr. Wheeler took observations and told us that this glacier had receded 100 feet in three years. The following day we ascended Mounts Hebel and McArthur, 13 hour trip, and camped in the Yoho Valley. After that our camp was at Summit Lake, whence many climbed Mounts President and Vice-President. a

It would sometimes happen that in passing through the forest the trail became very narrow and only allowed of walking in single file, and at such times towards dusk it was remarkable how a smell of Bears caused a general hurry up from the rear; in fact the last man never remained last for a longer period than he could possibly help.

The last day, August 15th, saw us all at Emerald Lake on our way to the railway at Field, where our tour was brought to a close by a banquet given to our hosts.

The outcome of this trip may fairly be considered as more far reaching than merely that of a holiday tour, inasmuch as a feeling of *international camaraderie* sprung up which must tend to still further improve the good feeling existing between Canadian Mountaineers, an ever growing number, and those of the Mother Country.

To travel as far West as the Rockies and not to visit Vancouver would seem to be a very incomplete trip, and having come down from the mountains to the Railway the temptation to see the Pacific was irresistible, more especially as every train one sees on that part of the C.P.R. System is either heading West for Vancouver or East for Winnipeg. Along with three members of our party I soon found myself bound further West than I had intended when I left home. Upon arrival at Vancouver one finds a flourishing City, which has doubled its population in a few years, and to all appearance has a great future, nevertheless the industries of British Columbia are certainly not visible on the journey to Vancouver. Hundreds of thousands of acres of wooded land have apparently never yet had the foot of man upon them, and factories are few and far between.

A further interesting extension of such a trip as this would include a visit to the North-west part of British Columbia, where is the centre of the fruit growing industry, but my limit of distance was reached at Victoria, whence I returned to Winnipeg, where Professor J. J. Thompson was to deliver his Presidential Address on behalf of the British Association; this took place in the Walker Theatre.

The Professor possesses a very pleasing manly voice, one that commands attention on its merits of sound alone, quite apart from the matter given forth; unfortunately his pronunciation



PACK PONIES AND MR. WHYMLER'S BOY.







LEAVING CAMP AT O'HARA.





6

9

10

11

leaves much to be desired, and closely connected as the Professor is with University life it comes as a great shock to hear one call *wan*, and once *wance* (as in wanted). Canada with him becomes *Caneder*, with the emphasis on the penultimate, and so on.

His address was considered a brilliant resumé of recent original research, preceeded by a healthy criticism of present methods of University specialising for honors, as being detrimental to such original research. The Professor told us, among other things, that about 7,000 horse-power was the equivalent of the sun's work per acre of land on a clear hot day at Winnipeg; this may or may not be so, but as if to confirm these calculations the sun poured such hot rays upon us the day following that we felt that the eminent Professor had quickly got his 7,000 horse-power.

I also attended a lecture on Rubber cultivation in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, delivered by Mr. J. Parkin, illustrated by specimens and lantern slides.

A very attractive lecture on Crystal Formation was delivered by Dr. Tutton, also beautifully illustrated.

The British Association meeting appeared to be a great success, and one heard on all sides, at the large public meetings and elsewhere, expressions of Canadian appreciation at being honored by this visit and their delight at having so many of the old Country's Professors amongst them. Coupled with these sentiments came enthusiastic expressions of loyalty to the Mother Country, along with rousing intimations that Canada would back up the Mother Country in all troubles. These from the Mayor of Winnipeg, the Governor of the Province of Manitoba, and others.

The last thing one could imagine after having heard all this would be that such sentiments have a commercial basis founded upon our taxing the Foreigner [indirectly of course this means



ourselves] for the benefit of our over sea Dominion. Travelling West in July, crops were green, whereas on my return journey harvesting was in full operation, or would have been if sufficient labor could have been procured; \$2.50, or over 10s. per day (on fine, not wet days), or \$50 per month certain, board and lodging found, failed to draw anything like the number of men wanted. Employment agencies of which there are quite a number at Winnipeg, shewed windows crowded with lists of "Wanted's" of all kinds, from Town Sweepers at \$1.50 to Stone Mason's at \$5 per day. Living is correspondingly high, factories turn out indifferent goods and, judging by prices ruling in Winnipeg, Montreal and Quebec, English exporters have splendid Markets there for their productions, and the further West they send goods the better they ought to do.

To an Englishman it would appear that cost of living in Canada is on a fictitious basis, but in a country which can produce in favorable localities 40 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre without the use of manures, as in Saskatchewan, and where marrowfat peas grow 7 feet high, as in Vancouver, economic questions such as 'small holdings,' and 'intensive culture,' have no meaning at present, and the Canadian can afford to pay \$10 for what in England costs 25/-

In conclusion I tender very hearty thanks to the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, A.C., F.R.G.S., to the Vice-President, Mr. Patterson; to the Secretary, Mr. S. H. Mitchell; and to all those ladies and gentlemen of the A.C.C., including, first and foremost Mrs. Wheeler, who with unceasing attention labored to make our visit one long delight, and one which will be ever remembered, certainly by myself, as a unique experience of camping and climbing in the forests and mountains of a most wonderful country.



MR. WHEELER AND HIS SON OLIVER TAKING MEASUREMENTS ON THE Yoho GLACIER.





STRAY SHEEP.





1



BREAKFAST IN THE FOREST AT SUMMIT LAKE.